

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: (\$2.00 PER ANNUM,
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.)

VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1862.

NUMBER 2.

DIRECTORY.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bann's Creek.	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bathel Station.	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown.	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Chess Springs.	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson.	Wm. W. Young,	Washt'n.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber.	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallatin.	J. M. Charity,	Gallatin.
Hemlock.	Wm. McGough,	Washt'n.
Johnstown.	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'n.
Larato.	P. Shields,	Loretto.
Mineral Point.	E. Wissinging,	Conem'gh.
Munster.	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Pershing.	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Plattsville.	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
Roseland.	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine.	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Saig Level.	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sauaman.	B. F. Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill.	B. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Sunmit.	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washt'n.
Wilmore.	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

Select Poetry.

Indian Summer Song.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

Slowly the shadows creep
Over the valley deep,
Softly the sunbeams play over the glen,
Richly the forests glow,
Gently the waters flow,
Low breathe the winds over dwellings of men.

Wondering, worshipful,
Where dwells the Beautiful,
Gladly I wander with Nature and thee,
Hearing the songs she sings,
Loving the smiles she flings
Over the mountain and over the sea.

While richest hues are spread
Underneath, overhead—
Ruby and Emerald, Jasper and gold—
And down the mountain side
Rivers of radiance glide,
Like the transfigured—the mountain of old.

With Nature and with thee,
Learning of stream and tree,
Joyous I wander in woodlands afar,
While o'er my spirit floats
Music of realms beyond sunlight and star.

"Occasional" on the Emancipation Proclamation.

"Occasional," the well known and influential correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, thus speaks of the President's Emancipation Proclamation:

The President's Emancipation Proclamation has made a profound impression upon the public mind. Rarely has any mere official declaration produced such an effect. It contemplates a startling change in that institution which for so many years has been the substance and the fortress of the pro-slavery leaders and dictators of national politics, and which, for seventeen months, has been the feeder and the backbone of the rebellion. To strike down such a power is to crush with it those who have subsisted upon it, and to tear away the thews and ligaments that have attached others to their cause. A reform so thorough must create some confusion. One great object has already been effected. The people are now forced to think of slavery as an element of the treason that is intent upon the sacrifice of the Republic. They cannot drive the unpleasant subject from their hearts. It is not the President who has placed it there. The rebels have compelled him to regard it, and the more he contemplates it the more he realizes that slavery is the one great adversary of the American Union; and as he cannot remove it himself, he asks the people to help him. Will they do so? After some study of their organs I feel confident that they will finally give the President their cordial assistance. It is true the signs are not all propitious of such a result. The Breckinridge papers in the free States are almost without exception against the Proclamation. For getting their argument in favor of the execution of the laws, they denounce the President for simply giving force to a law of Congress, and rejecting the patriotic motives that first induced him to delay this great decree of deliverance, and finally to announce it. Heretofore these papers have been able to lead and delude a vast mass of people. Immense consequences are involved in their failure or success to maintain this fatal influence. On the other hand, all the loyal papers, without exception, in the free States, take ground with the President. In using the term "loyal papers," I do not mean the Republican journals only, but every newspaper that is honestly for the Government and for the war to preserve the Government. Journals like the West Chester Democrat and Huntington Globe in Pennsylvania; in Maryland the Baltimore American and Clipper accept it as an alternative forced upon the Government. So far as I can ascertain, many of the most distinguished officers in the Army and Navy are known either to have endorsed it since its appearance, or to have expected and asked for it. Of these, I feel free to name Generals Hooker, Banks, Wadsworth, Heintzelman, Sigel, Jno. A. McClelland, Jno. A. Logan, Sickles, Meagher, and Phelps. In the Navy, Admiral Dupont is authoritatively quoted among the earnest advocates of the policy of Emancipation; and so also of the gallant old seaman, now in command of the United States Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, Commander Joseph Engle. There is a large class of regular officers in both branches of the service who are expected to oppose the Proclamation, and among these General McClellan is boldly named.

Happily, however, I have the best reason for knowing that these officers will disappoint this reasonable hope. Whatever their opinions may be, they will fearlessly obey the acts of Congress, and stand by the Executive in enforcing these acts. There is, besides, a class of public men, not in the army, and not Republicans, who give the proclamation their warm, cordial, and grateful sanction. These are Governor Todd, Judge Jewett, and, it is said, William Allen, of Ohio; Dickinson, Treman, and Busted, of New York; and the well known independent Democrats in Pennsylvania, of whom Judge Shannon, of Pittsburg, Judge Champeys, of Lancaster, and the Muhlenbergs, of Berks, are specimens. It ought to seem reasonable that, with all these opinions and elements at work, the whole mass should soon be rightly leavened. But your readers, who know the obdurate bigotry and unforgiving hatred of the Breckinridge leaders, know, also, how difficult it will be to induce these men to extend a helping hand to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. So long as they think they can disaffect a single vote against the war, and against the Executive, just so long will they toil in the interest of the common enemy. The question now presents itself: "Will the Democrats who have followed these bad men before, follow them in the stand they have taken against the Government on the Emancipation of the slaves of the rebels after the first of January, 1863?" If this question is answered in the negative, our future will be a future of victory and conquest; if in the affirmative, it may be a future of defeat and separation. An awful responsibility, therefore, rests upon these Democrats. They have the future of the country in their own hands. It is astonishing to me that, with such an issue, there should be any doubt as to the ultimate judgment of the people; but so far as the class referred to is concerned, there is doubt, and very great doubt at that. We have only to look at the votes of certain party leaders in the last Congress to see assurance of this. It is true that every day renders the attitude of disaffected men more dangerous to the country, and therefore, more unsafe for themselves. It is also true that as the perils of the Republic multiply, the prejudices of partisans decrease. If the doubtful leaders can realize that the people they have led will be led no more, save in the right road, their own interest and ambition may prompt them to turn upon their record and go for the country. There are, undoubtedly, many men who would do right, if they did not fear the vengeance of the so-called "Democratic" leaders, and dread the anathema of the so-called "Democratic party." How many will dare to offend these rotten and wretched shams? There ought to be hundreds of thousands; and if there is any force in the appeal made to our people by a suffering country, there will be. I have always believed that the mass of the old Democracy were loyal to the heart, and I believe so still; and I cherish the hope that as all the immortal principles involved in this struggle, and all those calamities that must ensue if it should be decided adversely, and all the treason of their leaders is made to appear beyond dispute—as all these invocations are felt at their firesides and in their walks of life, they will see in the Administration the only embodiment of an imperilled Government, and will give the President the comfort and the strength he so urgently demands. And God grant that this hope may not be disappointed.

GEN. RENO.—When General Reno fell, General Sturges was within a few yards of him. He was in command of the division formerly commanded by Reno, increased by several new regiments, and the men had just distinguished themselves in driving the rebels from the summit of Blue Ridge. These generals were bosom friends; had been classmates at West Point, and graduated together. When Reno fell, Sturges ran to his assistance, had him picked up, and said, "Jesse, are you badly wounded?" to which he replied, "Yes, Sam; I am a dead man." Gen. Sturges had him placed upon a litter and carried to the rear, where he died in an hour—His last words, before leaving the battle field, were, "Boys, I can be with you no longer in body, but I am with you in spirit."

A lady in Brooklyn purchased an article at a store the other day when she received the following change for a one dollar bill:—Ferry ticket—shipplaster—counterfeit cent—car ticket—milk ticket—three cent postage stamp—one cent postage stamp—and an ice cream ticket!

Anna Maria Story was married to Bob Short. A very pleasant way to make a story short.

Kentucky Conservatism.

A humorous writer in the Sunday Mercury gives this amusing illustration of conservatism:

Upon quitting the Strawberry Festival, I returned post haste again to Paris where I arrived just in time to start with Capt. Bob Shorty and a company from the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade on a foraging expedition. We went to look up a few straw beds for the feeding of the Anatomical Cavalry horses, my boy, and the conservative Kentucky chap went along to see that we did not violate the constitution nor the rights of man.

"It is my opinion, comrade," says Capt. Bob Shorty, as we started out—"it's my opinion, my Union ranger, that this here unnatural war is getting worked down to a very fine point when we can't go out for an armful of forage without taking the Constitution along on an ass." "I think," says Capt. Bob Shorty, "that the Constitution is as much out of place here as a set of fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes."

Can such be the case? Then did our revolutionary forefathers live in vain. Having moved along in gorgeous cavalcade until about noon, we stopped at the house of a First Family of Virginia, who were just going to dinner. Captain Bob Shorty ordered the Mackerels to stack arms and draw canteens in front of the door yard, and then we entered the domicile and saluted the domestic meeting in the dining room.

"We come, sir," says Bob, addressing the high minded chivalry at the head of the house, "to ask you if you have any old straw beds that you don't want, that could be used by the cavalry of the United States of America."

The chivalry only paused long enough to throw a couple of pie plates at us, and then says he:

"Are you accursed Abolitionists?" The Kentucky conservative chap stepped hastily forward, and says he:

"No, my dear sir, we're the conservative elements."

The chivalry's venerable wife, who was a female Southern Confederacy, leaned back a little in her chair, so that her little son could see to throw a tea cup at me; and says she:

"You ain't Tribune reporters be you?" We were all noes and ayes. Quite a feature was that in social intercourse, my boy.

The aged chivalry caused three fresh chairs to be placed at the table, and having failed to discharge the fowling piece which he had pointed at Captain Bob Shorty, by reason of dampness in the cap, he waved us to seats, and says he:

"Sit down, poor hirelings of a gorilla despot, and learn what it is to taste the hospitality of a Southern gentleman. You Lincoln hordes," says the chivalry, shaking his white locks, "you have come to butcher the Southern Confederacy; but the Southern gentleman knows how to be courteous, even to a vandal foe."

Here the chivalry switched out a cane which he had concealed behind him, and made a blow at Captain Bob Shorty.

"See here!" says Bob, indignantly, "I'll be—"

"Hush!" says the conservative Kentucky chap, agitatedly, "don't irritate the old patriarch, or the future amicable reconstruction of the Union will be out of the question. He is naturally a little provoked just now," says the Kentucky chap, soothingly, "but we must show him that we are his friends."

We all sat down in peace at the hospitable board, my boy, only a few sweet potatoes and corn-cobs being thrown by the children, and found the fare to be in keeping with the situation of our distracted country—I may say, warfare.

"In consequence of the blockade of the Washington Ape," says the chivalry, pleasantly, "we only have one course, you see; but even these last year's sweet potatoes must be luxuries to mercenary mudsills accustomed to hucks."

I had just reached out my plate, to be helped, my boy when there came a great noise from the Mackerels in the front dooryard.

"What's that?" says Bob Shorty.

"O, nothing," says the female Confederacy, taking another bite of hockeak, "I've only told one of the servants to throw some hot water on your reptile hirelings."

As Captain Bob Shorty turned to thank her for her explanation, and while his plate was extended to be helped, the aged chivalry fired a pistol at him across the table, the ball just grazing his head and entering the wall behind him.

servative Kentucky chap, hastily, "don't I tell you it is only natural for the good old soul to be a little provoked? If you go to irritate him we can never live together as brethren again."

Matters being thus rendered pleasant, my boy, we quickly finished the simple meal, and as Captain Bob Shorty warded off the carving-knife thrown at him by the chivalry's little son, he turned to the female Confederacy and says he:

"Many thanks for your kind hospitality, and how about that straw bed?"

The Virginia matron threw the vinegar-cruet at him, and says she:

"My servants have already given one to your scorpions, you nasty Yankee."

"Of course," says the venerable chivalry, just missing a blow at me with a bow-knife, "of course your government will pay me for my property?"

"Pay you," says Captain Bob Shorty, hotly: "now I'll be—"

"Certainly it will, my friend," broke in the conservative Kentucky chap, eagerly, "the Union forces came here as your friends, and they make war on none but traitors."

As we left the domicile, my boy, brushing from our coats the slops that had just been thrown at us from an upper window, I saw the chivalry's children training a fowling piece from the roof and hoisting the flag of the Southern Confederacy on one of the chimneys.

And will it be possible to regain the love of those noble people again, my boy, if we treat them constitutionally? We shall see, my boy—we shall see.

The Nelson-Davis Difficulty.

The difficulty between Major General Nelson and Brigadier General Davis, resulting in the death of the former, originated some time since, and during the first preparations for the defence of Louisville a serious quarrel took place between them. They were thus prepared for hostilities of a still uglier character at any moment.

On meeting in the large bar room of the Louisville Hotel, an altercation immediately took place. I received the following account from Captain Hoblentzell, of General McCook's staff, who did not hear the first words which were uttered. They must have been few in number, however, and probably were of a very provoking character, as General Nelson seemed at once much enraged, called Davis an insolent, cowardly puppy, and slapped him in the face. Governor Morton and many others were in the room at the time, and the altercation commenced. No good feeling existed between the Governor and General Nelson, and immediately after the latter had struck Davis he turned to the Governor and said, sharply and tartly, "Did you come to see that insult, sir?" "No," replied the Governor, mildly, "I merely came to see what was going on;" or, as others report, "I merely came up to hear what was said."

Nelson then turned away and walked from the bar room into another room upon the left, from which a flight of stairs ascends and a hall leads to the back portions of the house below. He did not go up the stairs toward his room, but walked in the direction of the hall. In the meantime, Davis had procured a pistol from the hands of a man by the name of Gibson, a gentleman of Indiana, who is reported to have taken care of Davis in his boyhood. He then started after Gen. Nelson upon the run. Capt. Hoblentzell ran after and endeavored to arrest his steps, but Davis succeeded in entering the apartment on the left of the bar room just as Gen. Nelson, returning from the other end of the room, had neared the front of the stairs. These stairs commence near the entrance from the bar room, and just to the right of the door. Davis, therefore, was but a few feet from Nelson, when he fired.

Just as he presented the pistol and pulled the trigger, Capt. Hoblentzell grasped his arm, but it was too late. The weapon was discharged and the ball entered the breast of Gen. Nelson, passing through his lungs. He threw up his hand to his head, exclaiming, "God, I am shot!" and then, without even staggering, slowly and deliberately walked up stairs to his office. He was then laid upon a mattress and at once requested the presence of Dr. Talbot, Chaplain of the 15th Kentucky regiment, that he might be baptized. Dr. Talbot after conversing with him a few minutes, and satisfying himself that the dying General was in a proper condition to receive the solemn sacrament of baptism, complied with his request. Five minutes after, Gen. Nelson's spirit had departed.

From the moment he was shot he uttered not one word concerning his adversary, or the difficulty between them. He was sensible until the last moment, and talked until the last only of religion and of his

own soul, expiring, indeed, in the midst of a fervent prayer for salvation. It was only about fifteen minutes from the time he was shot until he was no more.

Pennsylvania Valor Handsomely Acknowledged.

The following letter will explain itself. As part of the history of the rebellion, it deserves to be printed wherever there is a man who went forth at the summons of Gov. Curtin to rally on the border for the defence of the Commonwealth from invasion. As an acknowledgment from one of the commanding Major Generals of the army, this letter will have a double effect and influence. First, it will have the influence of cheering those who engaged in the first uprising to respond again, should danger once more threaten this State; and second, it will have the effect of silencing those who have been ridiculing the great energy of his Excellency, and who are now striving to show that there was no necessity for the demonstration which is thus handsomely acknowledged:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
SHARPSBURG, Sept. 27, 1862.

Governor: I beg to avail myself of almost the first moment of leisure I have had since the recent battles, to tender to you my thanks for your wise and energetic action in calling out the militia of Pennsylvania for its defence, when threatened by a numerous and victorious army of the enemy. Fortunately, circumstances rendered it impossible for the enemy to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania, but the moral support rendered to my army by your action was none the less mighty. In the name of my army, and for myself, I again tender to you our acknowledgments for your patriotic course; the manner in which the people of Pennsylvania responded to your call and hastened to the defence of their frontier no doubt exercised a great influence upon the enemy.

I am, very respectfully,
and sincerely yours,
GEO. B. McCLELLAN.
His Excellency, A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania.

Who Wants to be an Editor?

Some people think it a big thing to be an editor. Well, perhaps it is—but we don't see it. A fellow is dead headed into circuses and concerts, and rides on a few railroads free—but that one fact destroys nearly all the pleasure. When we had to scribble for a week to get a dollar to buy a seat at the opera, the delight experienced was proportioned to the sacrifice of money it cost us. When we can ride on a railroad for nothing, we don't care a snap about going at all; and so on. An editor sometimes gets presents, but they are nine times out of ten articles that are of no sort of use to him. In his paper he may say forty good things unappreciated, but if he happens through carelessness or mistake to get off an obnoxious paragraph, he catches—from the entire community. If he omits anything, then he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he glosses over—smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattle head, wanting stability. If he condemns wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he upholds a public man, he does so to gratify spite, as the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "out." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard—if he does not, his paper is insipid. They put Job through a pretty good course of sprouts, according to Holy Writ but there is no record of his being obliged to serve as editor of a weekly paper. That would doubtless have been more than his patience could have withstood. He probably in such a case would have taken the advice of his friends—cursed and died.

The redoubtable Jenks, in payment of a cigar, pulled out a little swab of gummy, greasy, badly used postage stamps. "Can't you give me hard money?" asked the cigar-lady. "Madam," sternly responded Jenks, "I have seen very little money that looked harder than that!"

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he didn't know which to die of, and so he lived on!

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," answered the blushing damsel, "that's my taffer outside—he wouldn't come in!"

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Western, " " 9 o'clock, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

GRESSION STATION.

West-Express Train leaves at 8.51 A. M.

Fast Line " 8.56 P. M.

Mail Train " 7.35 P. M.

East-Express Train " 7.42 P. M.

Fast Line " 12.17 P. M.

Mail Train " 6.50 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West-Express Train leaves at 9.13 A. M.

Fast Line " 9.18 P. M.

Mail Train " 8.09 P. M.

East-Express Train " 7.20 P. M.

Fast Line " 11.55 P. M.

Mail Train " 6.33 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Kistler, Henry C. Devine.

Probationary—Joseph M. Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.

Treasurer—Thomas Cullin.

Four House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.

Four House Treasurers—George C. K. Zahn, A. M. East Line, James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.

Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Chief of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Burges—George Huntley.

School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.

Youth Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, P. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.

Inspectors—John W. Roberts, J. Rodgers.

Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. O'Neill.

Youth Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, H. L. Johnson, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.

Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

Judge of Election—Solis Lloyd.

Assessor—Richard I. Davis.